

PERSONNEL

GLEE CLUB

MR. R. G. SANDERS, Director

First Tenor—R. G. Sanders, M. B. Jones, H. M. Johnson, P. C. Keran.

Second Tenor—L. M. Booe, H. Severson, W. H. Penhallegon, Jr., E. H. O'Neill, A. H. Olds.

First Bass—T. B. Artman, L. L. Wildman, E. H. Littell, C. B. Spohn.

Second Bass—W. R. Beck, M. B. McKinsey, C. J. Pieper, M. E. Kimsey.

QUARTETTE

Messrs. R. G. Sanders, L. M. Booe, T. B. Artman, W. R. Beck.

Tenor Soloist—Mr. R. G. Sanders.

Cornet Soloist—Mr. V. Chambers.

MANDOLIN CLUB

MR. B. E. HARTSUCH, Director

First Mandolin—R. G. Sanders, H. Cary, P. C. Keran.

First Violin—A. H. Olds.

Second Mandolin—C. W. Snyder.

Second Violin—R. A. Wolcott.

Guitar—M. E. Kimsey, L. L. Wildman.

Mandola—C. E. Tracewell.

Flute—J. H. Muncie.

Cornet—V. Chambers.

Cello—L. M. Booe.

Piano—B. E. Hartsuch.

THE
WABASH COLLEGE
GLEE CLUB

E. I. WAGNER, Manager



SEASON 1910



The Journal Printing Co.
Crawfordsville

REFERENCE
DO NOT CIRCULATE PAMPHLET FILE

COLLEGE SONG---"OLD WABASH"

From the hills of Maine to the Western plain, and where the cotton is growing,
From the gloomy shade of the northern pine to the light of the southern seas,
There's a name held dear and a color we cheer, wherever we find it growing.
And the tears will rise in our longing eyes as it floats on the evening breeze.
When the day is done, and the western sun is painting in flashing glory
Across the skies, with gorgeous dyes, the color we love so well.
We love to sit as the shadows flit and praise it in song and story.
We love to shout, ere the light dies out, a good old Wabash yell.

REFRAIN:—

Our prayers are always thine.
Our voices and hearts combine
To sing thy praise when future days shall bring thy name before us.
When college days are past,
As long as life shall last,
Our greatest joy 't will be to shout the chorus.

CHORUS:—

Dear old Wabash, thy loyal sons shall ever love thee,
And o'er thy classic halls the scarlet flag shall proudly flash,
Long in our hearts we'll bear the sweetest memories of thee.
Long shall we sing thy praises, old Wabash.

And loud and long shall echo the song, till hill and valley are ringing
And spread the fame of her honored name wherever the breezes blow,
Till sweet and clear the world shall hear the sons of Wabash singing.
And flying free the world shall see our scarlet banner go.
The honors won by each loyal son in highest rank shall instate her
Forevermore as in days of yore, their deeds be noble and grand;
Then once again, ye Wabash men, three cheers for all Alma Mater.
What'er befall, revered by all, may she unequalled stand.

REFRAIN AND CHORUS.